OHIO.

HER ROMANTIC AND STIRRING STORY. THE STORY OF OMIO. By Alexander Black. 8vo., pp. 326. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Illustrations by L. J. Bridgeman.

To compress within some 300 pages even an telligible sketch of the history of Ohio is something of a literary feat, and to make such a sketch interesting is still more difficult. Mr. Black, however, has succeeded in doing this, and his book is all the more welcome and valuable because of the comparative scarcity of general histories of the Buckeye State. In the nature of the conditions this compact volume must be looked to for general rather than detailed information, but for popular use and even reference it is well adapted. The early history of Ohio is of able. Under other conditions he would have dethe deepest interest, not only as a study in Statemaking, but as a mine of the most picturesque, youth would have passed off in the relief of exremantic and stirring episodes. Though many of these are but outlined by Mr. Black, his brief accounts of them are graphic enough to stimulate and guide the reader's imagination, and to enable him to follow the fortunes of the bold pioneers who, taking their lives in their hands, pushed the boundaries of the Republic westward and opened a new and magnificent region to agriculture, commerce and freedom.

The vitel importance of the Ordinance of 1787 to the destinies of Ohio is properly emphasized by Mr. Black. To that ordinance probably more than to any other agency must be ascribed the great services which the State rendered the Union in the War of Secession. It was the ordinance which determined the character of that popular spirit which, first manifested through the practical protests against slavery, appearing in the shape of the "Underground Railroad," found final frui-tion in the splendid outburst of loyalty and devotion evoked by the firing on Fort Sumter and the events following that initial evert act of treason. Toward the close of the volume the autho marshals the brilliant array of Ohio men who have distinguished themselves in public life and private enterprise. There has been plenty of ood-humored chaff on the seeming insistence with which Ohio men push themselves to the front everywhere, but perhaps the causes of this phemomenon have not been sufficiently studied.

An obvious explanation is, of course, the character of the emigration by which the State was settled. The Ohio pioncers were undoubtedly picked people from the outset. Large numbers of Revolutionary soldiers, men of exceptional vigor and energy, as proved by their Eastern experience, found their way to the banks of the They were reinforced by sturdy sons of New-England and stalwart hunters and mountaineers. In the new territory their training and discipline were continued through the vicissitudes of a long Indian warfare, and thus were developed and fostered those virtues and capacities which have always proved most influential in giving character and force to communities. Then, too, though the climate of the Ohio Valley was not free from extremes, it proved much milder than that of New-England, and put no obstacles in the way of physical development. New-England contributed abundantly of her pe culiar endowments to the making of the new State moreover. In regard to local government, Ohio struck a mean between the township system and the county plan of the South, but retained all that was necessary to maintain the law of autonomy, the regard for equity and order, the respect for law, and the affection for the Union which characterized her Eastern pioneers.

There is another phase of her growth in which perhaps New-England tendencies-modified by the new environment-may be traced. We refer to the curious and most interesting efflorescence of religious sentiment which, during the early youth of the State, produced such remarkable phenomena. Revivalism in the West is a subject deserving of careful and exhaustive study It was accompanied in Ohio and the neighboring States by manifestations which may probably be safely attributed to the incidence of superabundant vitality upon a deep foundation of spiritual emotion. This union produced an spiritual emotion. efflux of energy which took form in physical convulsions of a co phenomena of the "Jerkers," briefly alluded to by Mr. Black, may be recognized an outbreak analogous to those which so perplexed Europe in the middle ages; but while the European r ligious epidemics persist through centuries, the Ohio outbreaks were ephemeral, showing that there the intellectual force dominated the emotional. Energy in all forms has indeed been the leading characteristic of Ohio from the be ginning, and because of this, there is no State the history of whose development offers more striking illustrations of swift transition and

It is not to be concluded that the prosperity of the Buckeye State is entirely due to one or two causes, however. Other States have been blessed with as good material for settlement, but have been retarded by influences from which Ohio was fortunately free. Distance in some, the character of the land in others, have been important factors. The geographical position of Ohio is a point of incalculable importance in her development, for one thing. But it certainly is the fact that her people have availed themselves fully of all their natural and acquired advantages, and that they have at all times proved themselves equal to whatever emergencies arose It is also worthy of remark that the progress of the State has been singularly even and harmonious. Its material growth has not been at tained at the expense of its intellectual. Like a theroughly healthy youth, whose mind and body develop with equal steps until a thoroughly balanced maturity is reached, Ohio has produced steadily a supply of mind not less note-

worthy than her material accessions. The salient lines of this instructive and sug gestive Justory are carefully drawn by Mr. Black, who has added considerably to the reference value of his book by a chronological table, a bib liographical list and a full index. It remains only to notice the illustrations of Mr. L. J. Bridge-man, which are, while not of equal merit, in several cases spirited and excellent.

LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A PESSIMISTIC NOVEL

THE STORY OF AN AFRICAN FARM. By RALPH IRON (Olive Schreiner). 16mo, pp. 375. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

This is not a novel as novels are commonly com posed. It represents the theories of no literary school. It is, indeed, both Realistic and Idealistic, but not in the ordinary acceptation of those terms. It is dual; a study in objective life, and study in subjective life; in short, that seemingly impossible phenomenon, a realistic psychological novel. The scene is laid in Scuth Africa, on an ostrich farm situated on an interminable plain of red earth, treeless, almost shrubless, where the fierce heat makes the air quiver all through the long summer and during the wet season the rain and wind have full sweep. Nature is all around, but nature in her least attractive aspects. Upor this lonely farm three children struggle toward maturity, and it is of their history, both inner and outer, that the book treats. There is no plot, there are no "unities" nor harmonies, nor happy chances, nor providential interferences. Everything happens as it were fortuitously and withou purpose, and most changes are for the worse The children, two girls and a boy, are strongly differentiated. One of the girls, Lyndall, has a strong and aspiring soul. The other is a commonplace but faithful and loving little creature. The boy Waldo is the Thinker of the history, and it is his psychical growth that is analyzed and described with marvellous insight, sympathy and power.

The philosophy is that of the Persian Omar Khayyam. One almost hears the old Astronomer Poet in the melancholy cynicism of the author's oreface:

" We are no other than a moving row Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go Round with this Sun-illumin'd Lantern held In midnight by the Master of the Show;

"Impotent Pieces of the Game He plays Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays, And one by one back in the Closet lays."

In the deep and sombre soul-wrestlings and musings of the self-contained boy Waldo one is constantly reminded of Tennyson's poem "Sup posed confessions of a second-rate, sensitive mind not in unity with itself." This soul passes indeed through the same stages of agony and faith and doubt which Matthew Arnold has so vividly represented in the magnificent soliloquy of "Empe-docles on Etna," but it does not attain the height reached by the Greek sage. In Waldo, however, we have not the Man of Action but the Man of Thought alone. He cannot reconcile himself with Life because a fit field for his activity is unattainveloped into a Poet, and the gloom of his solitary pression. But he is unfitted by his cultureless adclescence for the world's work. Brought up as a hermit, the life of the anchorite is the only one for which he has any vocation, and he squanders the resources of a fine mind as a flower wastes its perfume and beauty upon some desert. This of course is represented as the irony of Fate or Chance by the author, who it must be said seems scarcely capable of perceiving the brighter aspects of life. It may indeed be that life on an African farm tends to strengthen pessimist tendencies and to obliterate optimism, though on general principles one would be inclined to doubt this. In the present case, however, it is undeniable that we find only vivid forms of melancholy, and that Waldo and Lyndall and Eve might be strayed inhabitants from the "City of Dreadful Night. The study of Lyndall is a strong piece of analysis, but the girl remains a mystery to the end. Her ambition appears to be wholly material and she is strangely wanting in moral sensibility. The misfortunes under which she sinks are mainly her own work. In her yearning after power of some kind she employs the most reckless methods of attainment. Her sad and short career is the wild effort of a wholly undisciplined and inexperienced mind after freedom; a fluttering and beating of the bars in that prison-house of environment from which there is so little prospect or

possibility of escape. It is a sad book with a sad ending; and yet it must not be concluded that it is in any way dull. There is power throughout it; power not only of analysis, but of observation. Its realism is instinct with life. Its people are not marionettes but living men and women and children. Occasionally the carefulness and minuteness of detail remind the reader of Tolstoi and Dostoievsky. The descriptions of the African farm life and of the aspects of Nature on the veldt strike one as pictures which have been burned in upon the brain of the writer through years of monotonous repetition. The habitual reverie which is Waldo's normal state, and which is due quite as much to want of contact with his kind as to natural disposition, seems to have been the condition most familiar to the author, too. Nothing can exceed the keenness of her perception, when she addresses herself to the description of real life, but at every opportunity she appears to sink back, as with a sigh of relief, into the dreamy mental state in which Waldo passes his life.

The pessimism of Olive Schreiner too is peculiar. At the first glance it may be thought one with the pessimism which springs directly from the materialism of the higher modern culture; but it is not the same. It is that which is born of the unguided efforts of bold and vigorous minds to solve the problems of life with the aid of external observation alone. It is the pessimism of the Book of Job rather than that of Schopenhauer; a faithful reflection of the despendency which is apt to steal upon those who seek to wrest from Nature the secrets of the universe. There is nothing new in these questionings, or in the effects of their futility upon the human mind, but the old tragedy never oses its interest, the venerable problems never cease to fascinate.

LITERARY NOTES.

many literary labors to weigh too heavily upon him. He believes in play, and has been having a lazy yacht-ing tour about Norway. He has just returned to mind.

A contributor to "The Writer" quotes Mr. Whittier as saying that his early ambition had been to become a prominent politician, and from this ideal he was persuaded only by the earnest appeals of his friends. "Taking their advice," adds the writer, "he united with the persecuted and obscure sect of Abellitonists. and to this course, he said, he attributed all his after-success in life. Then, turning to me and laying his hand on my head, he remarked, in his gentle voice: 'My lad, if thou would'st win success, join thyself to me unpopular but noble cause." This youth afterward sent to Mr. Whittier some little verses, and received from the poet a note which ended thus: "I would not advise thee to publish much for the present. In two or three years much will have been gained by thee. Study, experience, close observation of nature, and patient brooding over thy verse will do a great deal for thee. I would, however, advise no young man to depend upon poetry. A profession or trade is needed; but brave work must be done in a world of need and suffering."

Dr. Furnival says that the "possible new play by Shakespeare," lately discussed by English papers, is nothing more nor less than George Chapman's " Blind Beggar of Alexandria."

Some odd reminiscences of Harriev Coleridge are given by Canon Butler in "Longmans." "How he came by his ontward garments," says the Canon. "I cannot say. They were certainly not made for him. He usually wore a long-tailed dress coat, made for a man half a head or more taller than he was, and a battered straw hat, better suited for what is called in Northumbria a 'tatle-bogle' than a poet and philosopher. He was little more than five feet in height, with a stoop in his shoulders, long unkempt hair, and bright eyes. When conversing with others he liked to walk up and down the room, suddenly pausing from time to time, and peering into the face of one or other of his listeners. It was a trial for the gravity of any one, and far too much for that of my young pupils, who were obliged to leave the room to avoid laughing in Hartley's face. Encloses stories were told of him, some of them being very humorous. One evening he was expected at tea by the Greens. They waited a long time, but Hartley did not make his appearance. At last, about 9 o'clock, he entered the house. 'Why, Mr. Coleridge, said Mrs. Green, "where have you been? We have waited for you ever so long, till we could wait no longer; but never mind, you shall have some fresh tea, and then tell us what you have been doing. Have you been all by yourself? have been in very pleasant company.' 'Well, we are glad to hear it; but who was your companion?" "The "devvill" (spelt as pronounced). 'Bless me, Mr. Coleridge, where was he, and what was he doing?' 'He was in Grasmere Churchyard, sitting on a tombstone, reading a rich man's will. It began with the usual formula, and it went on to say, "Whereas, my eldest son John has disobeyed my orders, and entered the army instead of going into business; and, whereas my second son Robert has married a penniless girl" and so through other members of the family-"I be-queath £20,000 in the Three per Cent Consols to the P. G., and £25,000 in the Three per Cent Reduced to the C. M. S."-and so on with other sums variously invested. And, when the devvill had got so far, he folded up the will and said to himself, "Ah, ah! that will do. I can have him at any time." A very instructive and amusing companion, Mrs. Green, is the devvill, if the people only knew it."

A delicious story of an evening at Rydal Mount as told to Canon Butler by his cousin, T. D. H. Battersby, who was entertained in 1843, together with J. Campbell Shairp, by Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth their old friend Mr. Crabb Robinson being a visitor in the house. After tea conversation took the form of a dialogue between the two old gentlemen, each sitting in an armchair by the fireside. After the poet had talked for about twenty minutes, Mr. Robinson woke up, refreshed by a nap, and "took up the wondrous tale" for the space of twenty minutes, while the poet slept. In this way the evening passed, till it was time for the young Oxonians to return to Grasmere. The author of "Betsy and I are Out" is forty-two years old, and attributes his escape from death by lungs with fresh air.

United States," prepared by Mr. Waiter Rowlands, is shortly to be published by the Moses King Corporation of Boston. This volume, which will be uniform with the regular series of "King's Handbooks," will contain outline histories of all our public art museums, with descriptions of their contents, and notices of many smaller collections, and of those owned by colleges. There will be practical information of especial value to tourists, and the text will be supplemented by not

Mr. Oscar Wilde's "Woman's World" is not a magazine of dazzling interest, but it appears to have charms for the English woman. It has been so successful

that it has been enlarged. In France literary people have, if we may believ Daudet, a horror of music. "Gautier's opinion on the most disagreeable of noises' is well known; Leconte de Lisle and Banville share it. The moment a piano is opened Goncourt frowns. Zola has a vague impression that he once, in his youth, played some instrument, but he no longer remembers what it was. That excellent Flanbert pretended to be a great musician, but it was only to please Tourgueneff. As for me, I love every kind of music madly—the classic, the simple, Beethoven, Gluck and Chopin, Massenet and Saint-Saens, the bamboula, the Fausi of Gouned and that of Berlioz, popular songs, barrelorgans, the tambourine, and even bells." English literary people are very different. George Ellot's face, it is said, was only known to the public from her regular attendance at the Monday "Pops." Even the grim Carlyle declared music to be the "speech of angels." Ruskin is passionately fond of some sorts of music and Browning "if he had not been a poet would have been a musician."

Many people will be glad to know that Little, Brown & Co. are bringing out an edition in ten volumes of those romances of Dumas in which the famous and ever delightful guardsmen appear. The books have been translated without abridgment.

Joaquin Miller's description of Walker, the filibuster, as a being with

A piercing eye, a princely air,

A presence like a chevaler, Half angel and half Lucifer.

s hardly in accord with that given by one of Walker's devoted followers. "Walker," he said, "was just about the meanest little cuss ever you see. He was scarce five foot four in height, gale an' poor looking, with sloping shoulders, thin legs, an' big feet. . . . His eyes were the only point Walker had that was noticeable. Thunder! those were eyes as would scare a starved tiger at sundown."

WHEN TO BEGIN.

THE WORK OF YOUNG WRITERS.

From The St. James's Gazette.

It is in every way probable that there are more people in France willing to follow the advice recently offered them by M. Renan than have it in their power to do so. The vivarious old litterateur prephesies the ruin of French literature from the youth of the writers. He says that on no account should they begin before they are forty. Till then the time srould be occupied with reading and thinking. If M. Alphonse Daudet were questioned on this point, he would probably remark that M. Renan's opinion has his warmest approbation; that personally it would have been most satisfactory to go through such a period of probation; but that when he arrived in Paris, wearled to death with the life of a school-usher, penniless and possessed of no other means of earning a livelihood, he was obliged either to piunge into literature at once or staive. In the same way M. Zola would very likely declare that it was wrong of him to publish his "Contes a Ninon" at the early age of twenty-three, but the cruel necessity of carning a livelihood lay hard upon him. Not only this, but devotees of literature have an inconvenient habit of becoming husbands and fathers before the age alfuded to; so that unless they happen to be the possessors of exceedingly rich and generous guardians this long period of preparation is quite out of the question. It is, however, an interesting inquiry, what is the best time to begin? The usual belief is that, in England at all events, the crowding of the literary profession has rendered it almost impossible for a man to do THE WORK OF YOUNG WRITERS.

is, however, an interesting inquity, what is the best time to begin? The usual belief is that, in Eugland at all events, the crowding of the literary profession has rendered it almost impossible for a man to do so very early. In our time no brilliant young Diekens writes another "Pickwief" at twenty-one.

Emerson, Carlyle, and Goethe, the three great advisors of the thinking youth of last generation, were all of opinion that no man ever writes anything worth reading before he is thirty. To that rule, however, there are many exceptions. When to begin largely depends on the character of the beginner's sift. Pretry, for instance, usually ripons long before thirty. Mr. Robert Browning published "Paracelsus" when he was twenty-three, to say nothing of the imma'ure "Pauline," written when he was twenty-one. Nothing that Mr. Swinburne has done is better than "Atalanta in Calydon," and it was published when he was twenty-citht and after he had written much other verse. Chistina Rossetti published when he was twenty-cith and after he had written much other verse. Chistina Rossetti published when he was twenty-cith and after he had written much other verse. Chistina Rossetti published when he was twenty-cith and after he had written much other verse. The "Defence of Guinevere" was given to the world by Mr. William Morris when the author was but twenty-four. Mr. Coventry Patmore was already a contributor to many leading reviews when, at the age of twenty-one, his Morris when the author was but twenty-four. Mr. Coventry Patmore was already a contributor to many leading reviews when, at the age of twenty-one, his first book was printed. Lord Tennyson's early efforts are well known; and though Dr. Olfver Wendell Holmes did not win fame as a poet till after middle age, he was a writer of verse in his undegraduate days. Even that profound "classic," "Proverbial Philosophy," was published when the author was twenty-cight. The obvious information and the was chilosophy," was published when the author was wenty-eight. The obvious inference that poetry is an early-flowering plant is more than confirmed if we turn from the living to the dead, and call to infind he examples of Chatterton and Keats and Marlowe, furns and Fergusson, Shelley and Byron. To none of them is M. Renan's rule applicable. If they had waited till they were forty they would have waited overver.

It is generally admitted of the novelist's calling that

waited till they were forty tney would have waited forever.

It is generally admitted of the novelist's calling that as it is the most remunerative form of literature, so it is the most crowded, and therefore the one at whose doors the aspirant must knock longest for recognition. Certainly all our great classical authors, with the exception of Dickens, did their best work when their years had either numbered two-score or were approaching that limit. Such was the case with Scott and Thackeray and Fielding and George Ellot. At no great interval after these we may perhaps put Mr. Richard D. Blackmore, who gave the world "Lorna Doone" when he was forty-five. But many extremely good novels have been composed at a more youthful period. Mr. George Meredith wrote "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" before he was thirty-one. Mr. Thomas Hardy has never done anything better than "Far from the Madding Crowd." published when he was thirty-four. At twenty-four Mr. James Payn began to publish, and he has never either risen above or fallen below the level on which he started. Mr. R. Louis Stevenson won his first success when he was twenty-eight. In not one of these cases can it be said that success had to be unreasonably waited for, if we take into account that a novelist invariably begins by learning some other profession.

But perhaps M. Renan meant his advice to be especially applicable to the thinkers whose work is destined to have a great effect in shaping the influences of their time. Here a certain amount of maturity is absolutely necessary, though the career of William Pittremains on record to show that the rule is not without exceptions. Yet Cardinal Newman was but little over thirty, when from the publy of 8t. Mary's he began, though the musle of his volce, the charm of his elequence, and his carnest austerity, to assume the commanding position which he has never lost since. To take a name almost e. jually reverenced by a different class of disciples, Herbert Spencer had just passed thirty nine when he was only twenty-si

HARDLY IMBUED WITH ART AMBITION.

Arlo Bates in The Providence Sunday Journal.

"Our teacher of singing," said he, "was at one time ill, and for a while I took charge of the vocal classes. One day a lady, somewhat advanced in years, came to make airangements for taking private lessons in singing. The results of my trying her voice were not particularly encouraging, and at the end of the second lesson I felt it my duty to tell her that her car did not seem to me to be true. She received the remark very coolly, and at the next lesson wunt on singing as badly as ever. 'I am afraid,' I said to her, 'that you can never learn to sing in tune.' 'Oh, it doesn't matter,' she returned. 'Doesn't matter,' I asked, naturally rather surprised. 'I don't care anything about the music,' was her explanation, 'but my doctor said that singing would be the best thing for my dyspepsia, and so I decided to take lessons.'

From The Calcutta Fnglishman.

From The Calcutta Fnglishman.

I have the pleasure of sending you a description of an enormous spider which was killed in a house here the day before yesterday, and I shall be glad if any reader will inform me whether the species be well-known anywhere, or whether there be another Indian species at all corresponding with it in size. I take my description from the specimen in spirits, and can only induce in regret that I did not see it alive. The creature was found clinging to a door-curtain, and when alarmed emitted a grating sound, but whother with its mandibles or with its feet could not be ascertained. It showed no disposition to run away, or even to move from the spot where it was, till it was thrown down, when it was killed with a blow of a stick.

It is quite two inches in length and half an inch in breadth, and the two segments of the body are equal in size. It is distinctly short-legged for a spider; but the eight legs are very strong and heavy. The body, too, is covered with fine short hair and is all of a dark-brown color. The two fangs are like a sparrow's claws and exceedingly sharp, and if stretched out straight would, with the fleshy part, measure nearly half an inch each. I find it difficult to convey an adequate impression of the terrible and formidable appearance of the monster. The common large running spider, to be found in every house in Calcutta, unhesitatingly tackles and destroys the largest cockroach. Judged by this standard, this spider ought to make the spider of a small bird or a mouse, according to the tales that are told of the South American tarantula.

FIRE.

ITS STRANGE WAYS ON THE PRAIRIE. HOW IT "JUMPS"-FIGHTING WITH A PRAIRIE

TOWN-A NARROW ESCAPE. Almost every day now in the newspapers may be seen dispatches from somewhere in Dakota, Nebraska, Western Kansas or other place on the great plains describing death or loss by prairie fire. The destruction wrought by such a fire cannot be realized by one who has never seen the autumn flames among the tail rank grass of the more fertile portions of the Western prairies, when the very ground itself is baked and hardened by the dry summer weather, and when the usually the case.

So large a part of the prairie is now broken up in

most places that the fires have lost much of their old-time size and grandeur; but the very fact of the settlement makes the danger to property and life the greater. When the country, from the Gulf of Mexico to the northern boundary of the United States, and even beyond, was almost, or, for that matter, en-tirely unsettled, a great fire could sweep almost from one end of it to the other and do no damage except to the game it might overtake in its mad chase. With settlement the danger to man begins, and as long as there are any considerable stretches of prairie there is always danger, unless the farm buildings and villages are carefully provided with fire-breaks. In 1875 some hunters started a prairie fire in Bor

Homme County, Dak., opposite Niobrara, Neb. was a strong southeast wind and it swept away to the northwest for over two hundred miles, licking up the dry prairie grass and rolling up great upward of a week. This one was comparatively narrow, being kept from spreading to the West by the Missouri River and from making much progress to the east at first by the "Jim" River, and later by the wind, which shifted more to the east; but in some places the tract burned over reached a width of seventy-five miles, and it averaged, perhaps, fully fifty. It found few streams to impede its progress on that side of the Missouri; what few it did encounter it had no difficulty in leaping. Indeed, the distance that he fire will jump in crossing these prairie streams. where the grass grows rank and tall to the very water's edge, seems almost past belief; and during the fall, of course, many of the creeks are dry for the greater part of their courses, and in case a fire cannot cross in one place there is usually some other place where it can; and so it vushes on, frequently leaving large unburned irregular or A-shaped places along the streams or lakes, but leaving the country as a whole black, barren and forbidding. This fire took over a week to go rather more than two hundred miles. This may seem slow, but several things must be taken into consideration. In many places the grass was short. which necessarily hindered its progress. There was little or no wind during the nights, so it, of course, travelled slowly then. At other times, when it got among stretches of blue-joint or other tall grass, it, like any other prairie fire, travelled at such a rate that a horse, be he ever so fast, could not long keep ahead. The front was, of course, very irregular and, as usual, it would frequently happen that two long advancing arms would join several miles ahead of the main line of flame and rush onward, forming a new front and leaving a rapidly disappearing island of unburned grass behind. The left of the mighty advancing column of flame was retarded the second or third day in passing through the Bijou Hills. Later the right became tangled among the Wessington Hills and fell behind. It finally died out among the coteaux close to the Missouri River, in the neighborhood of the Le Beau and Bois Cache creeks. In fact, it was the river that stopped it, for had it not been there, or had the wind get into the south, it would have swept on two hundred and fifty miles further out one knows how far. There were no settlers in its seach, except, perhaps, a few trappers and traders

n that country by any means. I simply cited it as an example and because I happened to be more familiar with the facts connected with it than with some of the others. As late as 1879 a fire swept down from the British Possessions through Northern Dakota, with a front, when it reached the Northern Pacific Railroad, of one hundred and twenty-five miles. Further to the north it was perhaps two hundred miles in width, having been narrowed down by the Missouri River. One of the the two or three nights it was raging at different seemed to be leaping up higher than the cars and almost reaching them, though they were really further away than they laked, being held back by the company's fire-break, or burned strip, along the track. There was no sleep on the trains pass-ing that fire, but the windows and platforms were crowded with the passengers, eagerly watching the rolling, leaping flames. Antelopes, deer, prairie wolves, foxes, jack-rabbits and other animals could be seen in great numbers hurrying before the flames and crossing the track. It frequently happened that some of them were struck by the train and killed. Those that reached the south side of the track found safety for the time being at least, as the fire did not cross. Later in the season, however, the usual smaller fires prevailed south of the road,

Seven years before this a fire rolled across Dakota from the southwest. It reached Fort Totten and Lake Kampeska, two hundred and fifty miles apart, on the same day, and it was thought to be the same fire—that there was an unbroken line of flame beween the places. It was supposed to have been started by the Indians, according to a previous arrangement, as a number of separate fires along the In 1877 a party of railroad prospectors followed along behind a slowly moving fire for over two weeks. Three years later a party of Texas stockmen were looking up cattle ranges along the Missouri, and were camped near the ering their fire, and after they went to sleep the wind blew out a few sparks and started a prairie fire. It stampeded their horses and they found them a week later among the Turtle Mountains, one hundred and twenty-five miles to the north, having been driven the entire distance shead of the fire. In 1876 a great fire swept over West-ern Nebraska, burning for days on either side of the Sidney trail to the Black Hills. The fires some-times run a peculiar course among the Nebraska sand hills. Coming up from the more fer-tile prairie to these great barren tracts, really little but billows of sand piled up by the wind, it does not find the scanty regetation sufficient to sustain it except in the few widely scattered and narrow valleys winding an uncertain and serpentine course among the hills. Following these, where the grass is frequently luxuriant, it will flow onward, a score of different fires, winding around among the hills, each a little, lost, wandering fire, seeking among the labyrinth of sand dunes-a sea of sifting, moving sand-some outlet to the world from which it came. Gradually these vagrant fires, sometimes rushing along with the wind, and sometimes slowly beating against it, will come together as the valleys join until at last they may all join in the larger valley of some stream and so pass along and escape from the weird, solitary, lonely sand hills.

The West has of late years settled up so rapidly that there are now but few places for the prairie fires to display their old time energy and vastness. They can perhaps come nearer to it than anywhere else on the Soux Reservation, which the Congressional Committee is now attempting to open to settlement. This reservation is about two bundred and twenty five miles long from north to south, and in some places nearly as wide. The grass on if does not, however, grow as rank as if used to on the prairie to the east of the river, and it is more broken up by rivers; but some great fires sweep over it, notwithstanding-to some great hree sweep over k, notwinstanding-to-burn off the grass each fall being about the extent of the Indians' idea of cultivating the land. So far as any settlement is concerned, the fires have as good a chance as they had fifty years ago. I went cross it for the last time two years ago this fall, following along the abandoned Pierre and Deadwood stage and freight road for 120 miles. It was among the first few days of November, and the whole country to the north of the trail was already burned over and rolled away to the furthermost horizon black and naked. To the south I saw a number of fires.

The weather at first was calm; there was not a breath of wind, for it was the last of Indian summer-and the fires crept along slowly, seeming when cooked at closely to pause on every blade of grass, and sending up, when seen at a fistance, long, sien-der columns of smoke which spread out at the top and formed a light, hazy cloud. In the night the sky was red in places all along the southern horizon from the reflections of distant fires, while those nearer made a most beautiful display. On the

evening of the second day I happened to be travelling late to reach a good camping place, and just after dark passed near Grindstone Butto. Riding to the top of it I saw spread out at my feet a dezen broken, serpentine, wandering lines of fire all over the prairie to the south. The grass was short, there was no wind and the fire press have to short and the wind and the fires were burning slowly, and the lines of flame were woven in and out in a thousand gurves and angles, each a fine, crinkled, flickering line of flame seemingly wandering about the prairie. Some were coming up the further side of a little knoll and peeping above the dark outline of its top, at first only two or three detached points of flame looking like the eyes of some great demon peering above the [32], then in short detached lines, and finally is the long and unbroken line of brilliant olor. The it would gradually zigzag its way down the hill till at last it sank out of sight with more broken lines and demon's eyes in a little valley and left the hill blacker and darker than before. I watched the crinkled lines of fire for half an hour till I was dizzy and uncertain as to directions. My pony was

brith chill blocker and darier lian before III I was dizy and uncertain as to directions. My poly was dizy and uncertain as to directions. My poly was dizy and uncertain as to directions. My poly was dizy and uncertain as to directions. My poly was dizy and tossed her head and suified as it with numerous misgivings, being reminded, perhaps of some time in her with extendence when with her surfered herd of companies she had been droven for miles with the hunger fire cold of some strain while the badfed fames liched up the long grants from the badfed fames liched up the long grants from the badfed fames liched up the long grants from the badfed fames liched up the long grants from the badfed fames liched up the long grants from the badfed fames liched up the long grants from the surface of the badfed for pairs fire was a general rule. Two nights later I received had the party of stockene from Dulley with the badfed fames liched up the long grant from the surface of the long from t

deaths. I remember in 1878 being with a little party in what is now Sully County, Dakota, exploring for good town site where we might found a city and with small effort on our part become millionaires. We camped one night near the headwaters of the Okobojo Creek. The grass all about was thick and tall. All day long we had noticed a smokiness about the air, and as evening approached the strong south wind brought a faint odor of fire. As darkness settled down we could see a dull red reflection low on tensive fire in that direction, but did not think it would reach us that night, so lay down to sleep with no feeling of uneasiness. There were four in the party; two slept in the wagon, while the other two, being one of them, took blankets and made beds in the grass. One lay a little distance in front of the wagon and the other as far behind, with the idea that we would scent horse thieves, either white or red. should any appear-something we certainly should not have done. In the night came the fire. One of the horses fell over me at two o'clock in the morning. and the frightened animal rushed on to the end of and the frightened animal rushed on to the end of its picket line, and tugged at it, and set up that unearthly noise which only a horse is capable of when badly scared. My companion on guard awoke about the same time, while those in the wagon speedily tumbled out. We were none of us too soon—we could feel the heat on our faces. But a little distance to the south—perhaps it was farther than it seemed, but it was not far—it was a flerce, high-leaping, surging, rearing wall of fire. The smoke rolled above our heads and almost touched the white wagontop. The fire surged and rose and fell, and leaped and plunged, and crackids and roared, and the black burned grass at ma—some of them still glowing—were driven in our faces and settled around us. It seemed as if the fire to the east and west was already advanced past us and that the line of flame was a rapidly closing semi-circle. It was light was day but when we turned to the north we looked into a great black, inky cave, at the mouth of which our horses plunged and neighed and gleamed back at the dreaded fire with crazed and bulging eyes. I regret that I cannot state with truth that we had but one match, and enlarge on the anxiety with which we watched it—flicker, almost go out, and then burn bright and clear"; but I cannot—we all had plenty of matches. But in the excitement it seemed as if one of us would ever find them. It looked as if the fire had covered half the distance to us before the first match was produced, then it was my brother sentined who brought it to light. He ran a short distance in front of the wagon, which stood parallel with the fire, so that the fire he proposed starfing would not reach the horses, and facil in the tall grass. The first match was produced, then it was my brother sentined who brought it to light. He ran a short distance to from the maxing us a rapidly growing oasis of safety. It was none too soon. We collect fames that tried to work toward the wind. We hastily pushed the wagon to a place of safety and stood behind it to screen ou its picket line, and tugged at it, and set up that unearthly noise which only a horse is capable of

"PLANNING."

her gown. The disappointment of missing the fets seemed to trouble her very little, but she was deeply afflicted to have failed in carrying out her plan. "I had it all planned out," she said pathetically, " and I went till I dropped." Of course she was assured that nothing more could have been expected, though why it was necessary to proceed to such extremities in a matter about which she really cared so little remains an inscrutable mystery.

matter about which she really cased so little remains an inscrutable mystery.

It is perfectly idle to remonstrate or to reason with a woman who has come under the influence of the mystrious fetten of "planning." See is no longer responsible for her actions, but it swayed by the power of the superstition too highly to be withstood. When once the seal of inner approbation, the oath before the inner duties of the forminine mind, has been placed on any project however trifling no considerations have weight to restrain a woman from following it. She will go "Through bush, through brake, "Through flood, through fre." and when a woman once says she has "planned" a thing it is just as well to give her her head at once, and abandon all hope of stopping her, unless one is prepared to go to the extent of the strait jacket and the padded cell.

LIFE IN CARLSBAD.

MODERATE COST TO PEOPLE OF SIMPLE TASTES.

fife guiden the month." (Two dollars a month, gentle friends."

"And in summer, oh, no-not so much. In summer there are peoples, kind for the madchens."

"And do you have lienty to eat and drink?"
She looked at me with a little mild wonder and a good deal of sadness in her eyes.

"In the morning is black bread and coffee—oh! so little coffee. For dinner is the meat that the soun was made with. For supper, black broth and black bread—not wine, not beer. Carlsbad not good for the madchens."

I agreed with her. I concluded that, for a "madchens" at least, to be a doorkeeper in Reston was better than to dwell in the tents of Carlsbad. How much ought we to give by way of fees! I hear those of you inquire who have asked me to write in detail about the expenses of Carlsbad. Well, that depends on how much attention you require, how many rooms you have, and how lavish your scale of expenditure generally.

An American family of three, who were staying here for some time, were instructed by their courier that they ought to give 15 guiden (%) per week to their chambermaid, and fees to the house master, "boots," etc., in proportion. I fear that those fees (which went through the courier's hands) got somewhat attenuated on their way.

I think a usual fee would be for your chambermaid a guiden (40 cents) each week, and five guiden (%) on leaving. To the house master another \$2, and to "boots," the page, etc., \$1 cach. I think this would be an average estimate for one person, who had a bedroom and no sitting-room. Another expense is the "cure" tax and the music tax—about \$4 the two for a person of the second rank," as they phrase it; that is to any, for a person without title and with no courier. Then there is the doctor's fee. If you want no especial attention, I think \$20 would be an average fee for the "cure." Your masseuse, who would expect at least \$1 40 in Boston, will be quite content with 40 cents each time she comes to you. comes to you.

THE LION AMONG THE FLOWERS. Here in this garden-nook alone,
Lies an old lion of gray stone—
Once, in the long-gone golden hours,
A lordly lion, proud in state.
The guardian of a maiston-gare—
Now he lies low among the flowers.

Then, oft he saw the shiring doors, Heard light feet fall on festal floors, Heard music wake its witches the Then danced beneath the torches' blase The highes and ladies of old dors. While he watched over all within.

Now, he lies here; in his old age Cast out, rejected, by the rage Of time down-beaten, broken, scarred— An old gray lion; yet not less A lion to his feebleress— One thing is left him still to guard.

He guards it well, by night and day.

In those great paws of granite gray.

In the strong shelter of his breast;

No man shall serve him yet with scorn,

Though an old lion thus forlorn,

And all he guards—a robin's nest!

In legal circles in Brooklyn there has been a good augh at the expense of Arthur White, secretary of the laugh at the expense of Arthur White, secretary of the Board of Health of Newtown, L. I. He takes an interest in a case in the Supreme Court in relation to the collection the school tax in Corona, L. I. One day not long ago he visited Brooklyn and went to the Court House to see if Judge Bartlett had rendered a decision in the case. In the corridor he met a man who looked as if he knew something about legal matters, and asked him if he could tell anything about the case. "Yes, I know of it," was the reply. "When will it be decided?" "I don't know, but I think it will be soon."

"I suppose the Judge is off on his vacation," said Mr. White, "and is spending his time hunting and fishing

white, and is spending his time nutring and hands instead of attending to his duties here."

At this he noticed that the man smiled and said he guessed not. Mr. White then went into the court-room and asked an officer where Judge Bartlett was. "Why, you met him at the door as you came in and talked with him," was the reply, which completely astenished Mr.

A CONSOLING ASPECT OF THE CASE.

From The Boston Courier.

The female mind is largely given to superstitions and its ways are past finding out; but perhaps rone of its eccentricities are more remarkable than its reverence for that mysterious process which it calls "planning." It is possible that when a woman plans thing, as she says, she really makes an involable now to some dread infernal delity whose malicious haired will pursue her should she ever venture to disregard the pledge she has made; since there seems to be nother theory upon which it is possible to understand why she will submit to inconvenience, discomfort of even disaster for the sake of carrying out to even disaster for the sake of carrying out to simply because she has planned it. When a woman plans is found to be following a course of action it would have deliced that if she were asked why she does so the answer would be: "Well, you know I had planned it."

A few instances will illustrate what is meant. We saw a young lady the other day coming home in a drendful rain. When asked why she had another would have done as well, showledged that the air of one who settles everything by advancing an unanswerable argument, "But then I had planned to scheme of attending a garden party in a new gown to be procured for the oreasion, although sho was at the time much out of health. She obtained the materials for the dress make an appointment with the dress maker and accepted the investment with the dressmaker and accepted the investment with the dressmaker and accepted the investment with the dressmaker and accepted the procured to the hands of the dressmaker, while trying on the land of the dressmaker and accepted the land of the land of the